It's August 15th, 2025.

We're going to finally continue reading this atrocious book that's so fucking racist.

We are on what they are — this, the scammers are calling page 16. It's actually uh, page seven, but they are scammers, and they're lying about the page count to make it seem like there are more pages in this book, so that they can just scam people.

Uh we are below the little page break there...60 perform...Yeah. Yeah. We're at the little paragraph break. Uh,

> Performance reliability at 60% and dropping

And before we — Yeah.

Before we get into actually reading it, just like there's so many things in this book, book one, that never come up in the series ever again.

Um, as many, many, many — you can see from many reviews, people pointing out that with every book that comes out, Murderbot just gets more and more and — becomes a more and more flanderized version of itself.

Flanderization, it means that you're just taking — like, think of any well-developed, well-rounded character, and now think about how the fandom portrays them.

They just pick one or two traits and say that that is the entire fucking personality. Flanderization. Just a basic example.

In this book, we get told that Murderbot, it doesn't just watch TV like the entire rest of the series would have you think. It reads books, it watches movies, it listens to music, *and* it watches TV.

It does more than one thing.

But then the entire rest of the series, the only thing that ever gets mentioned from now on, until like, maybe one short story that's not even from

Murderbot's perspective, it, it mentions watching a play, but then we never get any details of it.

So, we start off with a character who reads books, listens to music, enjoys all sorts of media in all sorts of formats, and then the entire rest of the series just drops all the extraneous activities and says the only thing it does is watch TV, it only watches soap operas. And then we don't even get to know anything *about* those soap operas, so they may as well literally not fucking exist.

Like it — I don't know why the fuck the concept of The Rise and Fall of Sanctuary Moon exists if nothing is ever going to be done about it with it in this series, which if you're hoping for that, it's never going to happen. We never get to know anything about it. It's not used as a frame story.

Like, if you've seen the movie The Princess Bride, that's a frame story. It's a story within a story where we learn lessons.

We could be doing that. Murderbot could be reviewing its favorite scenes from the fucking TV show, and we get to watch it with it, because they reflect different parts of its life, what it's going through, and wish, and all of these kinds of things.

But that's not going to happen. It's just bad writing. It's just lazy writing. It's shallow writing.

It's writing that is actively trying to encourage you to turn your brain off and don't think about it.

And it's like, that's the exact opposite of what reading is for.

Anyways, uh this is page seven, which they are claiming is page 16 because they're scammers.

> Performance reliability at 60% and dropping.

And that's never going to come up. This is never — I guess we'll just count how many times that happens in this book. So that's one.

(to person offscreen)Do you have a notepad? I don't know where all my washable markers went. — I can just open notepad on my computer.

It would help if I would type in...

So, we have one count of “we're going to do a random page break to say, ‘Oh, uh, Murderbots batteries are running out of power’ thing that it will literally never have to worry about ever again.”

And the reason it happens so many times in this is simply because Martha Wells couldn't think of any other way to to change the scene.

It's it — once — she does that a lot with a lot of her characters because I, I hate to regret, I regret to inform everybody this…

(to person offscreen) how old did we say she is?

(from offscreen) She's at least 60.

She's like 60 or something. She's not some brand new writer. She's not a debut author. She's been writing since the 90s. She has a full entire fantasy series.

Uh, once you realize that the reason she keeps knocking her characters unconscious is simply because she can't think of any other way to end the scene or to end the story, especially with Data Ghost, just you wait until we get there.

Also, before — I will stop rambling and I'll get to it. But for the record, we're going to be reading these on the camera here in publishing order, not in-universe chronological order.

And the reason for that is so that you all have to suffer exactly the same way all of us did, because I know a lot of people are starting to read the books coming from the TV show because it's twenty-twenty — It's August 15th, 2025. So the first season of the TV show is out.

So people are watching that and then they're like, "Oh yeah, I love that. Let's go read those books!" And all

the rest of the fandom is warning them, "Do not fucking read them in publishing order. It's atrocious."

But you guys don't get to do that. We are going to read them in publishing order, so you can see and — which I recommend at this point, because reading them any other way just gives you so many more excuses to make for the writing that the writing doesn't deserve.

Don't give it the benefit of the doubt. It doesn't fucking deserve it.

When you read this in publishing order, you realize exactly the fact that this story is literally never going anywhere ever again.

Anyways,

> Performance reliability at 60% and dropping. Our habitat is a pretty standard model. Seven interconnected domes set down on a relatively flat plane above a narrow river valley with our power and recycling system connected on one

> side. We had an environmental system, but no airlocks as the planet's atmosphere was breathable, just not particularly good for humans for the long term. I don't know why because it's one of those things I'm not contractually obligated to care about.

Just go watch Prometheus / Covenant. They're horror movies.

(from offscreen) Prometheus is a good one. Covenant is shit.

Yeah, I couldn't remember. I couldn't remember which order they're in. I give up on that.

(from offscreen) Prometheus came first cuz he brought fire.

Okay, that's easy. Prometheus came first cuz he made —

Okay, you might not be able to hear the person talking on the other side of the cardboard.

> We picked the location when

Why is Murderbot saying we? You had nothing to do with this decision! And it's just bad writing.

> We picked the location because it's right in the middle of the assessment area. And while there are trees scattered through the plane, each one is 15 or so meters tall, very skinny with a single layer of spreading canopy. So, it's hard for anything approaching to use them as cover. Of course, that didn't take into account anything approaching via tunnel.

And it's like —

(from offscreen) why 50 ft?

Yeah, I I'm not questioning *that*.

> We have security doors on the habitat for safety, but HubSystem told me the main one was already open as the hopper landed. Doctor Gurathin had a lift gurney ready and guided it

> out to us. Overse and Arada had managed to get borrowed stabilized. So I was able to put her down on it

And again, bad use of pronouns. That's especially when you have a character who uses it/its pronouns. Let me restart.

> We have security doors on the habitat for safety. But HubSystem told me the main one was already open.

And I have to put a little asterisk there. I'll hold my finger up so I don't forget.

> HubSystem told me the main one was already open as the hopper landed. Doctor Gurathin had a gurney ready and guided it out to us. Overse and Arada had managed to get Bharadwaj stabilized, so I was able to put her down on it and follow the others into the habitat.

This is not the asterisk, but like, that's not how pronouns work. You say, "Doctor Gurathin had a gurney and guided it to us." That's correct because the “it” there is referring back to the “gurney”.

Now, the next sentence, "Over and Arada had managed to get Bharadwaj stabilized, so, I was able to put her down on it.” That, it it's, that should just say “the gurney” because that “it” is no longer connected back to the gurney, because there's all these other nouns interrupting the flow of the fucking thing.

Nouns with names.

She does this all the time. It's, It's very, it all the fucking time and it causes so much unnecessary confusion, especially when there's like 50 characters in the room.

But anyways, uh, nouns and pronouns, you have to imagine them connected by little fucking threads. You say the noun, aka somebody's name, uh, like [taps on the cardboard] Cardboard. You can have the rest of

the sentence go out over, and any pronouns you say must reflect the last noun spoken.

You can't say — you can't say “Overse and Arada and Bharadwaj” and then just say “it” when that “it” is for the gurney which is not anywhere connected by this fucking, this fucking train of words, because all these other nouns are interrupting it and cutting that thread.

That's the most basic way I can explain that shit.

And this is a problem — people who use the same pronouns. Yeah, this is a problem in a lot of fanfiction, um because fanfiction is most people's first attempt at writing. So they they really fucking hate using the characters names, for some reason. But then they, they, so they don't want to use the characters names.

So then you end up with situations where there's like two guys talking, and nobody, probably not even the author at that point, has any clue who is saying or doing what, because they just refuse to just say their

name, so the there's no noun for the pronoun to be referencing and it just ends up a fucking mess.

That's all you got to do.

Especially because — I'm going to go on such a tangent. I literally have an 11,000 word fanfiction for this series where I just make up shit tons of everything because you kind of have to, because there's no world building here. And I made up a whole bunch of shit to make a fake fucking setting specifically to showcase how much of nothing is in here.

And I made up an entire fucking original character for Mensah's kids, who is coming out to Murderbot as non-binary and using it/its pronouns. And you know why I did that? Because people don't know how to fucking write.

Like genuinely, people don't know how to write and claim “uh well, you couldn't have done this in third person point of view, Um, because then you wouldn't know whose pronouns are being referred to.”

And it's like, no, you just genuinely don't know how to fucking write. Just go to fanfiction.net. Yes, I fucking posted it on fanfiction.net. Search for um, it's literally titled “Something About Hope and Kindness and Killing the Rich”. That's the name. Go look that up and read that.

(from offscreen, pointedly) Yes, because that's a fanfiction title.

Yeah, that's a fanfiction title. Could maybe be a title for a book if it were a thingy that's not part of a series.

Anyways, go read that if you literally just need the most basic example of “Yeah, it's literally not difficult in any way to write about multiple characters who all use the same pronouns without causing confusion.”

It's just that most people trying and failing to do this genuinely do not know how to write. They genuinely just fucking do not properly connect the pronoun to the noun it's referencing.

Anyways, yeah, this sentence, uh,

> Oversee and Arada had managed to get Bharadwaj stabilized, so I was able to put her down on it and follow the others into the habitat.

That should just say — and this is supposed to be professionally edited and professionally published, which is their justification for charging you 17 plus dollars for this.

Any fucking editor worth a penny should have just fucking taken the “it” out of that sentence and made it so that it reads, "Overse and Arada had managed to get Bharadwaj stabilized, so I was able to put her down on the gurney and follow them into the habitat” because then the rest of the sentence is

> and follow the others into the habitat

And that's just fucking unnecessary, because they're all — everybody who's being followed is — again, again, it's just the pronouns.

Everybody who's being followed into the habitat has already been mentioned here. It's Doctors Gurathin, Overse, Arada, and Bharadwaj. So, all Murderbot has to do is follow *them*. We don't have to specify here “and follow the others”.

That's a — that's a slightly different thing usage of pronouns, but it's still like the basic concept. You already established the nouns. Now you can just say “I followed them”.

Anyways,

> the humans headed for medical and I stopped to send the little hopper commands to lock and seal itself. Then I locked the outer doors. Through the security feed, I told the drones to widen our perimeter so I'd have more warning if something big came at us. I also set some monitors on the seismic centers to alert me to anomalies just in case the hypothetical something big decided to tunnel in.

And I just want to point out that like all of these things they're doing are completely and utterly like, ridiculous. And it's not even being framed as like, “yeah, we know we're being paranoid, but we we're just — we're not going to be able to sleep unless we do this shit.”

Because they were on a coastal island somewhere, some fucking distance away. We don't know how long because there's just a fucking page-break time-skip. Not even telling us how much time has passed, but they had to fly away from that island where the not-graboid was, in a helicopter, and now they're in a mountainous valley on a plateau.

The graboid from the fucking beachy island literally who knows how many kilometers away. It's not going to come up into this fucking mountain to get them.

But they just do all of this shit and it's like — as though it's a realistic possibility that it's going to come and break into their thing instead of just like, it's just, it doesn't make sense when you actually think about it. Like it's *understandable* for them to

want to do this, but like, somebody needs to acknowledge that this is kind of irrational behavior.

Anyways,

> After I secured the habitat, I went back to what was called the security ready room, which was where weapons, ammo, perimeter alarms, drones, and all the other supplies pertaining to security were start were stored.

As my twin has pointed out, this is more — Oh, we haven't even — I haven't even mentioned the corporate speak word vomit yet, but um this is our first example of that.

(to person offscreen) Hand me the fancy bookmark so I can get a drink of water without losing my spot. Look at this crazy bookmark. I don't know if it'll show up crazy on there, but it's like so fucking 3D. [looks at bookmark, grimaces] I actually don't want to look at it. That hurt my eyes.

Oh, I got to I got to make a note on my notepad for uh “corporate speak, but unironic”.

[typing on computer off screen with one hand] These are not words I am typing. It's just kind of letters.

Um, you will see as we go into this series, and you have suffered through it yourself if you've read this series, Martha Wells unironically does corporate speak.

She takes something that should be maybe two words maximum, and turns it into 15. And it's literally just so she can seem smart. And the only thing it does is confuse everybody and just make it so you have no idea what the fuck is going on.

Like, “security ready room”. Just call that an armory, because it's an armory. That's where you keep all the weapons and armor and equipment. It's an armory. But she's calling it a security ready room.

Now, that's taking one word and turning it into three. That's like, the *least bad* thing she does. And as we

maybe read all seven books on camera, you're going to suffer along with me, it gets so worse and it just keeps getting worse the longer into the books we go.

This is the least bad example.

And like, part of me wonder, I mean, a very large part of it is probably, again her being told just pad out these stories as much as possible, cuz did I mention?

[holding up book to show the bottom of a page] Please look at this fucking massive gap down here at the bottom of the page, completely and utterly unnecessary.

And then this slightly smaller but still completely unnecessary gap at the top of the page. All of this to try and spread this shit out as much as they possibly can. And even after all that, they didn't even get it to be more than a centimeter — or *even* a centimeter. It's less than this — is less than a centimeter thick after all of this bullshit of theirs.

So, literally, what would this look like if it were actually published not as a scam and just being honest about how long the story really is? I guess we will never know because they're scammers.

Anyways, uh

> after I secured the habitat, I went back to what was called the security ready room, which was where ammo, perimeter alarms, drones, and all the other supplies pertaining to security were stored, including me. I shed what was left of the armor and on MedSystems advice, sprayed wound sealant all over my bad side. I wasn't dripping with blood because my arteries and veins seal automatically.

Why? This is going on the “stop it” list. Just stop.

Martha Wells is a bad writer. She literally will not ever stop.

[typing offscreen] Uh, this needs to also go on the just “contradictory bullshit for no reason”.

Uh, this is bullshit here. Um, hold on.

> I wasn't dripping with blood because my arteries and veins seal automatically, but it wasn't nice to look at.

So again, making — not even again, because this is will be the first time I've said it in this video series.

I've said it so many times in the Alien: Isolation playthrough, but I can understand why most people probably don't want to watch that cuz you'll get nightmares about xenomorphs, but it's fun. You get to watch me get the shit scared out of me. It's very entertaining. I highly recommend it.

Um, so we're just saying, for literally no reason at all, that Murderbot will never be able to bleed to death because its veins automatically seal themselves, including its arteries.

And it's like, okay, so, anytime Murderbot gets injured, we just know, just *already*, right now on page nine, any injury Murderbot gets, we don't

actually have to worry about it, because it it's literally incapable of bleeding to death.

So, that's already taking our stakes and lowering them a massive fucking notch, because now we know we never have to worry about Murderbot bleeding to death, no matter how much it's bleeding, cuz it, it won't bleed.

You can take a fucking cookie cutter and chop out a section of it and it'll only lose as much blood was actively in that section, because it doesn't fucking bleed, because its, its veins and arteries magically seal automatically, *and they do so properly every single time*. No glitches there, even though we're supposed to pretend that, um they're very cheaply made.

It's all bullshit.

We'll get to that later.

> And it hurt though the wound seal did numb it a little. I had already set an eight hour security

> interdiction through HubSystem so nobody could go

Oh, that's the second asterisk.

> so nobody could go outside without me and then set myself as off duty. I checked the main feed but no one was filing any objections to that.

We have two asterisks, because it's bad writing. It's bad writing. [rubbing at mouth] My lip is tingling.

> I was freezing because my temperature controls had given out at some point on the way here and the protective skin that went under my armor was in pieces.

We never get an explanation for what the fuck this suit skin is. It's just referred to like, multiple times in this. No explanation for what the fuck it is, and then it never comes up again in the series ever again, like many things that get brought up in this book and then just tossed aside never —

(from offscreen) that get *established.*

Yeah they are *established* in this book, as part of the thing, and then they just get — they just get ignored and they never come up ever again, and that's just literally bad writing.

Uh where was it? Uh

> The protective skin that went under my armor was in pieces. I had a couple of spares, but pulling one on right now would not be practical or easy. The only other clothing I had was a uniform I hadn't worn yet, and I didn't think I could get it on either. I hadn't needed the uniform because I hadn't been patrolling inside the habitat. Nobody had asked for that because with only eight of them and all friends, it would be a stupid waste of resources, namely me. I dug around one-handed in the storage case until I found the extra human-rated medical kit I'm allowed in case of emergencies and opened it and got the survival blanket out. I wrapped up in it, then climbed into the plastic bed of my

> cubicle. I let the door seal as the white light flickered on.

We also never get an explanation for what the fucking cubicle is supposed to look like, ever. We don't know. Is this some fucking horizontal thing? Is it just a giant coffin in the fucking floor? Lots of people draw them upright even though it's described as a bed that Murderbot is lying on. A plastic bed. Uh but yeah, I, I do have to mention that this fucking, this, this

> protective skin that went under my armor.

We don't — we're never given an explanation for that. And it really fucking bothers me because the first time I was reading this, I'm like, "What the fuck is that?" like, it's, calling it a skin is implying one of two things.

Either it's a literal genuine artificial layer of skin that Murderbot wears, or it's like a wetsuit because those get called uh, just things — skin — because it's a wetsuit. I, I, I assume everybody knows what a wetsuit is. It's the kind of bathing suit. Well, it's not a

bathing suit. It's a swimsuit that like professional divers people go in in the ocean wear. It's it clings to your skin. It completely conforms to your body to protect you and keep you warm and shit.

So, but like, but Murderbot is specifically a cyborg, and on the back of this book is literally getting called an android and a droid. Jesus Christ. Um, which is just a lie.

So that, that imagery, calling it an android, literally untrue and a droid — that's even fucking worse. Um, so then you say it has an artificial skin. You're making it sound like it literally has to put on fake skin over its mechanical body, but that's not actually what's going on here.

So it just doesn't fucking make sense. It literally doesn't make sense. Like, is it fucking underclothes? We don't — We're never going to get an explanation ever again, because it's bad writing, and it just gets dropped like it never existed. And that's bad fucking writing.

> I wrapped up in

again the use of —

I wrapped up in *the blanket*,

> then climbed into the plastic bed of my cubicle. I let the door seal as the white light flickered on. It wasn't much warmer in there.

It's just weird.

> It wasn't much warmer in there, but at least it was cozy.

And like that's never — that, we also never get an explanation for that either, because I don't think that's supposed to be sarcastic.

Like it's not warm, but it's cozy. What? What do you mean cozy?

Like, we could be saying Murderbot has agoraphobia and feels more secure when it's in a small space

because literally nothing can get to it. Like, (begin sarcasm) I don't know, (end sarcasm) say Ripley? Amanda Ripley in the fucking vents. We only got jumped by a xenomorph in the vents one time.

Like we could be doing that. We could say that Murderbot has agoraphobia and that would be entirely fucking justified in having that. But we just never get an explanation for why it is calling this thing cozy.

My — my page. Where did it go? Okay.

It's just there for some fucking reason and just doesn't make sense.

> I connected myself to the resupply and repair leads, leaned back against the wall, and shivered.

And see, that's again making just so much confusion. If it's such a small space that we're calling it — like by calling it cozy, whether that's sarcastic or not, I assume that means that there's barely enough room

for Murderbot to move. But then it also has enough room that it has to lean against the back wall.

> And shivered. MedSystem helpfully informed me that my performance reliability was now at 58% and dropping, which was not a surprise. I could definitely repair in 8 hours and probably mostly regrow

[rolls eyes. sighs. Twice. Leans offscreen to type on computer] Also, no. Hold on. So, that's — I don't, can't type the letter 2 because my broken fucking keyboard. “T ableist bullshit”. Yeah, that's good enough.

Um, Martha Wells is ableist and she absolutely hates physically disabled people, which is another reason that Murderbot magically gets healed no matter what happens to it, because she never wants to let her characters lose in a way that genuinely fucking matters and is a genuine loss.

So, and she considers being physically disabled to losing, and probably worse than fucking death, which

is why Murderbot, despite all of the claims that it's super cheaply made and too expensive to repair, and yet, magically, it can regrow every single injury it ever receives, ever, without any problem. All offcreen without any like,

(from offscreen) in the span of two sentences.

In the span of two sentences, never with any drastic usage of resources that's unsustainable in any way.

There's no consequences to Murderbot ever getting hurt. It will literally always get magically healed, physically perfect, as though it's brand new, no matter where it goes, even when it leaves the company and doesn't have access to this undescribed cubicle anymore.

You can just magically fix it with any random med, medbay. Just, you can go to any random doctor's office and it will magically be healed instantaneously. Doesn't use up any spe, special, special resources. Nothing nothing is ever going to cause it a problem.

So yeah, there's literally no stakes to be found, ever. So, not only can Murderbot not bleed to death, even if it did bleed almost to death, you can just chuck it into a random doctor's office like it's a fucking video game save point that magically restores all your health and shit and it'll be magically fine.

Murderbot will never become physically disabled. It will never even so much as have a fucking tiny little scar.

And it's all because of the ableism and bad writing. And it's bad writing, because we are meant to believe two completely contradictory statements at once:

1) murderbots, aka meat shields, SecUnits, are cheaply made, so they're disposable because they're too — it would be too expensive to repair them, and they are the equivalent of a plastic cup. [holds up a plastic water bottle] Pretend this is a plastic cup. It's it's a water bottle. Same fucking concept. Um, meant to be used once and then thrown away. As opposed to...[looking offscreen] That might be heavy….

[reaches offscreen, comes back with a jar of honey]

As opposed to a glass jar that's got some local honey in it. Yay for us. That's heavy. I'm not holding that.

Murderbot is supposed to be the equivalent of a plastic bottle of water. You use it once and then you're supposed to throw it away. Um, as opposed to a — Huh?

(from offscreen) not if you're poor, you don't.

Shush. That's not You're mes — You're fucking up the metaphor. Shush. Plastic solo cup. Okay... Disposable.

No, we'll just do a paper cup because it's really hard to reuse paper cups cuz they get really gross really fucking fast. We don't have any paper cups here to demonstrate.

Murderbot is one of those stupid cone- shaped paper cups you get at the fucking doctor's office at their cheapo water cooler. It gets gross. It gets wrinkly. It starts falling apart. That's what murderbots are

supposed to be. They're supposed to be disposable. You use them once. If they get so much as a fucking nick, you throw them out, you get a new one, because repairing them is going to cost way more than just getting another one.

But then we're also supposed to accept the fact, completely and utterly contradictory fact, that is not framed as “this is a weird contradiction and it's fucking, it's fucked up.” Doesn't make fucking sense.

It's literally just completely ignored by the story because it's just bad fucking writing and bigotry, specifically ableism.

The second point is, we're first we're told murderbots are completely and utterly disposable. Use them once, throw them away. Don't bother repairing them. But also —

[holds up middle finger while trying to count by accident] not trying to flick you all off, but we just do that. Not trying to flick you all off.

Uh, second point, somehow, miraculously, despite supposedly being disposable, they also won't be able to bleed to death because their veins automatically seal themselves, a thing that would be really expensive to implement.

And also, everybody magically will put in all of the effort required to get them all the way back to 100% every single time there's so much as a problem.

So, it's just two completely fucking bullshit things.

You have to pick one of these things. You can't just do both of these.

And the reason Martha Wells wants the best of both completely fucking contradictory statements and things we're just supposed to pretend are totally happening at the same time, is that she wants the free Tragic Backstory for Murderbot to angst about, by claiming that it's disposable, when it's not actually disposable.

So, it's literally just, “yeah, Murderbot's disposable. That means it has something to be angsty about. That means people will see it as the underdog and relate to it and want to cheer it on, even though it does all kinds of horrible things that nobody should be cheering on.”

So, she wants she wants to be able to say, "Yeah, you got to relate. You got to cheer on Murderbot. It's supposed to be disposable."

But then she doesn't actually want it to be disposable, because that would require Murderbot actually becoming physically disabled, and she would rather kill it than let it become physically disabled.

Also, it's this is a good time.

Um Martha Wells at some point said that she was directly inspired by reading Ann Leckie’s Imperial Radch —

Might be pronounced “radk”, I don't know. Huh?

(from offscreen) I said I say ratch like a ratchet.

Yeah, that's why I'm, I'm saying ratch like a ratchet. Could be rack. I don't know. Uh, [grins] it's good to mispronounce their name. You'll find out if you read them, which you should.

Go read Anne Leckie — A N N, L E C K I E. The Imperial R A D C H. The first book is Ancillary Justice. Go read that. It's — the whole series is free on the Internet Archive because people have donated the books to them which is fanfuckingtastic. Go read those because —

Do we —

— I'm going to go over a very short condensed version of the Arthurian legend legend metaphor thing here.

Martha Wells read The Imperial Radch series and then she wrote this as a direct inspiration from the Imperial Radch series. Ancillary Justice in particular, probably.

When you — read *these* first, okay? Read these first, and then go read The Imperial Radch series, okay? And laugh. I want you to laugh. I don't even want you to laugh. You'll do it by yourself. You will be so fucking infuriated.

And the, the Arththeran legend thing I'm bringing up here is um there was this Christian dude in 15-something-something. He wrote down the story of — the first written down that we've found so far, story about King —

(laughing at self) King Lancelot? — Sir Lancelot the knight. He wrote it down. Somebody else was telling him the story. Some, like countess lady or maybe she was just a courtesan from the court. She might have...I think she was a countess though.

Some lady was telling him the story that other people have been telling for fucking ever, because most people couldn't read back then. You just told stories orally.

She was telling him the story, and then he wrote it down for her.

And a thing people have pointed out when discussing that, and whether or not the guy who wrote it down is the one who invented the story, which he's not — you can see in real life, we have a modern example.

We have the Murderbot Diaries, [gestures with book] directly inspired by —

(to person offscreen) want to go grab Ancillary Justice so I can gesture meaningfully with I? (the person offscreen leaves the room)

It — I am going somewhere with this, and I promise it's important. It's relevant.

[grimaces] I think I'm gonna have to get a different bookmark because this one's too 3D. It's like hurting my eyes to look at it. It's not supposed to do that.

Also, I forget the guy's name. Search B L I T, Blit by um, I don't know what the fuck the author's name is. Let me search quick. I'm waiting for that book.

(from offscreen) These books have the exact same market price of $16.

(laughing wildly) Really? Let me see. Yeah. (in exaggerated shocked voice) Look at that! Look at that! Look at that! All right.

Now, we have Ancillary Justice because I am, I'm, we are doing this. I'm not going to apologize. It's correct. You'll see where I'm going with this.

Okay. In in the Arthurian legend, we have The Knight of the Cart. That's the story, um that was the first story ever — most usually considered the first story ever written about Sir Lancelot in the whole myth of King Arthur and all of his knights and crap like that, yada yada yada.

Um, and you can tell, you can literally tell *just* from reading the story, that this is not the first version of

this story ever to exist, and that the guy who wrote it down was transcribing it from somebody who didn't — who was just kind of missing bits and pieces from the original story, complete story, and forgot to tell this guy, or like, maybe he was in a rush and the other person just didn't have time to tell him.

Either way, you can tell from reading The Knight of the Cart — it's on Project Gutenberg, it's on the Internet Archive. You can find it anywhere. I would recommend the one on the Internet Archive because I added paragraph breaks in. There are no paragraph breaks, you have to suffer through massive blocks of text because that's just how they wrote in medieval, literally like 15-something-something.

(from offscreen) They had to make that page count work.

Yeah, books were fucking expensive back then. They could not waste any space at all.

What I'm getting at here is that you can go read The Knight of the Cart. It's, it's a good story. I enjoy it. Sir

Lancelot is actually the only fucking Arththeran knight I even remotely like, cuz everybody else is just...evil. He's like, nice. Everybody else is just like pure fucking evil.

Anyways, um you can tell when you read The Knight of the Cart that some of these things, it's just, it doesn't really add up, and you'll be thinking to yourself, “well, we can just...maybe it's just some weird medieval thing that it doesn't — that those two things don't line up?”

But no, because then you read the rest of this guy's things and they they make perfect sense.

So, and people are like, "Yeah, this is this is like literally proof that no, he didn't invent this story. He he wrote it down from somebody telling it to him and *telling it to him badly*.”

So in that, we have a scene where some guy, I forget who, probably Gawaine, doesn't really matter, walking out. Another guy says “hey can I borrow your horse I, it's really important!” So the guy's like, "Oh, okay.

Yeah, here you go. Here's my horse." And then the other guy runs off with the horse.

And then this guy keeps walking for like, five feet, just like a few minutes later, and magically comes upon a giant scene of epic proportions, where a giant battle has taken place, and it's already over.

And it's like, “but there was not enough time for that battle to have happened with the dude who who took his horse?”

And the reason that happens is because the person who told the man who wrote down this story forgot to mention “he walked for several days and then came upon this scene.”

Now just — this is all on topic. I swear to fuck.

[holds up Ancillary Justice] This is Ancillary Justice by Ann Leckie. You can actually read that font.

[Laughter, grimacing] Oh god, I don't like this bookmark. Find me another bookmark. Just find me a receipt. It's like killing my eyes.

All right, let's do this.

Let's get my ruler.

All right. Yeah, the Murderbot Diaries. We already measured that.

Let's measure this just for good measure before I tell you how much this cost. Let me get the freaking camera right. All right.

This is literally 3 cm. So, it's literally [jumps] — Ow! Fucking, fuck you, foot!

If I do that, it's because I've dislocated my foot because I moved my fucking foot.

Anyways, literally three times — more than three times, because this thing [gestures with All Systems Red] doesn't even get to a centimeter.

[holding the books next to eachother] And this is uh it's like threeish centimeters. So, I can probably just photoshop them.

This also cost $16.

They're charging the same price for this as for this. And let me show you. Let me show you page one, chapter one. (begin sarcasm)You won't believe it. It's fucking crazy. (end sarcasm) Look at this. Page one, chapter one, and it's page one!

They're not claiming it's page nine!

They're not counting a 50 million things at the start!

And look, because I did it with that one, we're doing it here.

We're doing: one, two, three, four, five, and then the blank page. And then we're already starting — just to be fucking thorough.

That, and they've got a whole — [looking at the back of the book] I'm not sure what all this is. I forgot to check.

Cool. All of these — and they show you by making these pages a different color. [holds book up] This is a whole bunch of interviews and extras and stuff like that. Like fun fucking epic shit.

And they show you that by making those pages a different color. They're gray.

Anyways, what I'm getting at here, you — read The Murderbot Diaries first.

This is imperative. Read this [All Systems Red] first, then read this [Ancillary Justice] series. It's, it's The Knight of the Cart. It is the modern equivalent of “some fucking guy told this guy very haphazardly the story of how Sir Lancelot and rescued Queen Guinevere, but fucked up a whole bunch of stuff in the middle. So what we're left with is a story that doesn't really fucking make any sense and is completely contradictory.”

We just got told the guy just now left with the horse, five minutes later, there's already been a giant battle having taken place involving the dude with the horse. And the dude who gave him the horse didn't hear it at all.

I swear to God this is relevant. I'm going to read these on camera after I'm done this shitty series. Exactly so that we can compare it, and you'll get to watch me cry, because — and resist the urge to throw this across the room, in a good way. I, I didn't realize before reading these that there — it was possible to want to throw a book across the room because it's so good.

But you will have to watch me resist that urge. Probably I will just pick — [opening book by guessing] I'll say like right there like 50% of the way through [flips a chunk more pages] maybe 80% of the way through. You'll have to watch me resist the urge to throw this across the room because it's so fucking fantastic. I'm telling you now.

Read these, [holding up All Systems Red] and then read these [holding up Ancillary Justice].

It's The Knight of the Cart. This [tapping Ancillary Justice] is the proper story. This is the real story that makes sense. It tells what it's trying to tell. It makes sense.

And then [All Systems Red] this is the shitty version written by somebody who who who fucking failed to understand literally every single fucking facet of every single fucking issue going on in here. I'm not even joking.

This is this is the shitty version of *this,* written by somebody so fucking racist, ableist, transmisic, and biologically essentialist — which is the, the, fucking keystone for all of Martha Wells's bigotry. It's all of her biological essentialism.

Look up biological essentialism if you don't know what it is. You can pretty much figure it out from the name, but if you can't, just Google it. Biological essentialism.

Martha Wells read this fucking masterpiece, and then, her bigotry took everything good about this [Ancillary Justice] and fucked it up completely and utterly until it is unrecognizable in here [All Systems Red].

But reading this shit [All Systems Red], and then reading this [Ancillary Justice], and you can tell every single fucking step of the way, everything that Martha Wells in her bigotry fucking failed so completely to understand and everything she's trying to replicate without understanding why it works.

I swear you'll get to see it in real life because I'm gonna be reading this whole fucking serie, because we have it now, because we just got Translation State. Well, we got Translation State like last year, but I'm counting —

(from offscreen) ...did I say that?

What? What?

(from offscreen) There's officially a new novel in the works in the...

[grins] Yay. It's so fantastic. Yeah, uh, if you did not hear that from behind the cardboard, there's another one in the series apparently being written right now. So, probably by the time we get done reading these on camera, we'll be able to read that one.

Depends on how long this takes, I will try to be faster about it.

I will be reading all of these on camera when we're done this shit, so, you can see exactly what I'm talking about, and you, could, too can go, "What in the absolute fuck?"

It's, It's delightful. [tapping Ancillary Justice] This is delightful. [gestures with All Systems Red] That's shit.

(to person offscreen) Stick that back for me or stick it over there. That's only two popular.

Anyways, also related to this bookmark searing my eyeballs: If you want to read some good free science fiction, go to infinity plus you spell it all out infinityplus.co.ukstories/blit.htm. That's the URL. It's

— the background on this is like kind of a lighter cyan, so if you struggle with eye strain, you can just copy it all into a document or something, or I don't know, make it —take a screenshot and make it black and white. Read that.

This guy, David Langford, has a whole little miniseries of science fiction that's fantastic.

It's it's not related to this at all. I just thought of it because that bookmark was trying to kill my brain.

Anyways, that that whole little series is also just demonstrating what science fiction can be.

This [holding up All Systems Red] is science fiction for people who fucking hate science fiction, and that's not a compliment to anybody involved, including Martha Wells. That's that's an insult.

Anyways, where the fuck were we? Um...

Um...Oh, yeah.

So, Murderbot saying…

> I could definitely repair in 8 hours and probably mostly regrow my damaged organic components, but at 58% I doubted I could get any analysis done in the meantime. So, I sent all the security feeds to alert me if anything tried to eat the habitat and started to call up a supply of the media I had downloaded from the entertainment feed. I hurt too much to pay attention to anything with the story, but the friendly noise would keep me company.

I have a question there. Why does Murderbot need to be doing any analysis? And why does it want to be doing any analysis?

Because that just seems like completely unnecessary extra work that it wouldn't be volunteering to do. Nobody's told it it needs to do analysis, so why is it thinking about doing analysis?

That's just weird. Anyways, um

then someone knocked on the cubicle door.

And this is, this —I will give her this point. This is done correctly.

This is just one little paragraph all by itself.

Then someone knocked on the cubicle door.

That's correct. That's technically correct. And by technically I mean yeah, you're doing it correctly. As in that there's a theoretical technical manual for writing doesn't actually exist.

That's how you set up tension because we're interrupting Murderbot's stream of consciousness by somebody suddenly knocking on the door out of nowhere. So, having that be a short little paragraph, that's correct.

I stared at it and lost all and lost track of all my neatly arrayed inputs. Like an idiot, I said, "Uh, yes."

Although, I will...I do kind of have to immediately take that back, because that line of dialogue, and it should have gone:

“Then someone knocked on the cubicle door.”

Paragraph break. That's done correctly.

“I stared at it and lost all track and lost track of all my neatly arrayed inputs.”

And then that should be its own paragraph, but then she has attached to that part, “Like an idiot, I said, ‘Uh, yes?’”

No, you got it right the first time, but then fucked up the second half.

Should —“like an idiot. I said, ‘Uh, yes.’ should be its own paragraph to further separate it from —

1) knocking on the door.

2) The consequence of Murderbot just scattering all of its stuff

3) and then Murderbot speaking

That —those should all be three separate paragraphs.

It would even give them another excuse to pad out the runtime, but for a good reason this time!

Anyways, so yeah, we we had one compliment and then immediately had to take it back. That's sad.

> Doctor Mensahh opened the door and peered in at me. I'm not good at guessing actual humans ages, even with all the visual entertainment I watch. People in the shows don't usually look much like people in real life, at least not in the good shows.
> She had dark brown skin and lighter brown hair cut very short. And I'm guessing she wasn't young or she wouldn't be in charge.

And that's the only description we will ever get of Doctor Mensahh. That's it. That's the extent of the description. Dark brown skin and lighter brown brown hair cut very short.

And lots of pe —lots of fucking racists in the fandom decide to interpret “dark brown skin and lighter brown hair” as being paler than this cardboard, with blond hair because they're fucking racist, and cannot follow the most basic description in the fucking world of “dark brown skin and lighter brown hair.”

So they literally interpret that as lighter than this cardboard behind me here, with blonde hair.

Because they're racist and they will do everything in their power to whitewash every fucking character of color they get their hands on.

And Doctor Mensahh is the only character out of the other seven fucking slave owner characters in this whole entire book. She's the only one that gets a description. That's this tiny sentence. “She had dark brown skin and lighter brown hair cut very short. And

I'm guessing she wasn't young or she wouldn't be in charge.”

That's the only description we get for one of the nine fucking protagonists in the series in this whole book if you count Murderbot, which you should, because there's literally eight slave owner characters.

And yes, Doctor Mensahh here, with her dark brown skin and lighter brown hair, she's a slave owner. And yes, that's a fact.

These people went solar systems out of their way to rent out a slave.

That makes them slave owners. They're not here for any fucking reason at all. I'm pretty sure I mentioned this in the first video. Shouldn't have to rehash it.

Um, no, it's not racist to say she's a slave owner cuz she's, ~she's got dark brown skin, she's Black!~

She's not a real fucking person.

She's a fictional character made up by a white racist white woman from Texas, Martha Wells, specifically to do slavery apologism with.

Making the character, fictional characters, slave owners, making them brown and Black, that's not some brand new fucking thing that's never been done before. It's an established racist trope.

White authors fucking love to take minorities like Black —Black and brown people, and make them slave owners in their stories to pretend that white supremacy doesn't really exist, and “slavery isn't a racial issue. White people were enslaved in history, too. Look at the Romans. That's totally the exact same fucking thing as chattel slavery” and the, fucking, all of that.

Martha Wells making her pure cinnamon roll slave owner characters that we're supposed to like Black and brown people —tokenized Black and brown people, because literally only Doctor Mensah gets a fucking description explicitly marking her as not white, telling us she has dark brown skin.

Nobody else gets a fucking single description, which has allowed the fandom to decide that fucking Doctor Gurathin is the literal Aryan fucking...I just forgot the word…

(from offscreen) ideal.

Ideal. Like they literally —you —the fucking Nazi meme. That's him. That's what —that's how they fucking draw Doctor Gurathin, at least before the fucking also-racist TV show came out.

Um, yeah, they take the character with the name Gurathin and decide he's literally the Aryan ideal, blonde, blue-eyed, all of the fucking literal Nazi shit, because so much —so much —they fixated on him to make him Murderbots's gay love interest because, you know, the fandom’s —

Racist fandom always worshiping two white gay men.

And if there are no white gay men in the story, they will whitewash and misgender and erase the canon

queer sexuality of any character necessary to make them into cis white gay men.

That's what they — that's what so many fucking sections of this goddamn fandom did, probably still are doing. They're quieter about it now. Or maybe I've just fucking blocked them all.

They are really fucking out there. There's so many huge swathes of this fandom who do nothing but write porn featuring Murderbot and Doctor Gurathin. Both of them whitewashed. Murderbot being misgendered.

All of this bullshit, all of this bullshit.

Anyways, what was I fucking saying? Yeah, the PreservationAux team are slave owners.

And the only reason that they are people of color is part of the slavery apologism, because any actual author who thinks slavery is genuinely horrific would never ask you to fucking agree that slave owners are good people.

Um, all this shit, it's just more racism. Martha Wells pinning the slavery apologism on fictional Black and brown people that she literally made up to agree with her. That's what's that's what's going on here.

That's not less racist. It's more racist.

You cannot deny the fact that these people are slavery — they're, they're slave owners. They objectively are. They rented out a fucking slave. They are slave owners.

There is no meaningful fucking difference, morally, between renting out a slave and buying a fucking slave. They own Murderbot. That's literally even — we'll get to the end of the book. They own Murderbot right fucking now with the start of the story. Murderbot belongs to these fucking people. It's literally programmed to belong to them. That's really fucking crucial. Not even on purpose — you, you'll see when we get to the end of the book.

Blah blah blah.

> She said, "Are you all right? I saw your status report." “Uh,” that was the point where I realized that I should have just not answered and pretended to be in stasis. I pulled the blanket around my chest, hoping she hadn't seen any of the missing chunks. Without the armor holding me together, it was much worse. “Fine.” So, I'm awkward with actual humans. It's not paranoia.

More slavery apologism here.

> It's not paranoia about my hacked governor module. And it's not them, it's me. I know I'm a horrifying murderbot, and they know it. And it makes both of us nervous, which makes me even more nervous. Also, if I'm not in the armor, then it's because I'm wounded and one of my organic parts may fall off and plop on the floor at any moment, and no one wants to see that.

There's not a single thing here that's really not just slavery apologism — and for further reference to,

another thing that's a huge issue is Murderbot is framing being so grievously injured that it's literally fucking falling apart. And that's being portrayed as a joke. And this is...I'll get into it later, but again, Murderbot is saying, "I don't like being around humans because I know I am evil just like all the other slaves, but I'm better than everybody else."

And it's, and it's, yeah, the whole

~one of one of my organic parts may fall off and plop on the floor at any moment, and no one wants to see that.~

So again, um, we're taking a thing. Murderbot should be fucking terrified of slave owners because of its PTSD. It should be fucking absolutely anxious around them because of all the times people like this have tortured it and traumatized it.

But instead, we just get told it's just generic um, social anxiety because Murderbot has no self-esteem.

It's not because people have literally tortured it in the past, it doesn't have anxiety around slave owners because they've genuinely all harmed it in the past, no, it's just general, general anxiety, not very specific at all.

And also, we're taking — we're, we're making a joke out of all of this. And that's uh well, I'll just keep — I'll keep going.

Martha Wells — everybody read who's read this book, you know it's a funny, light-hearted book. That's what it's trying to be.

Martha Wells wants to get up on her high horse and yell at you that if you thought this was funny or cute or light-hearted *just because she wrote it this way*, literally undercutting the fucking tension here with a joke before any can properly build, and that happens every single time there's any moment of tension, it immediately gets undercut with a joke.

Just like back in the first part of this where we laugh about all of the humans screaming because it's like it's supposed to be a funny scene.

Um, what was I fucking saying?

Oh yeah, she wants to claim that if you think this is funny and light-hearted and cute *because she literally wrote it that way,* then she is claiming that you are willfully ignorant and are just being willfully ignorant and she's saying this to people — she's giving literal speeches like this to like schools.

I don't know if she's getting paid for it or if they asked her to do this, I don't know how that works, but she's giving speeches like this claiming that her audience is willfully ignorant on purpose, because she doesn't like the fact that the story *she wrote specifically to be light-hearted and funny* is treated the way she fucking wrote it, which is lighthearted and funny.

That whole fucking scene at the start of this, there's zero detail that lets you actually feel fear for these fucking characters unless you are going out of your

way to actually imagine all the shit that's actually happening, and how that *should* feel.

But the story — then this overpriced shitty book in front of you is not actually providing that.

Somebody getting attacked by a graboid and almost dying from it, and then Murderbot almost also almost dying from it from being bitten by it, that whole thing could take up so much more space if we had actually take the time to describe it, describe the feelings, describe the pain instead of just literally glossing over all of it so that you can't take any of it seriously because it's like it barely fucking exists.

And then Martha Wells is going out and giving speeches to people who haven't read this book — so they don't know how drastically they're being lied to, until they pick it up afterward and go, "What do you mean you're — what you what the fuck do you mean you're calling out people and been getting mad at people for saying this is lighthearted? You literally wrote it that way.!”

There's nothing about this story that allows you to actually take it seriously in the context it's given in. And it's this is just the start of it.

> “Fine.”
> She frowned. The report said you lost 20% of your body mass.
> It'll grow back, I said.

And again, right there, that's another joke. That's another don't take this seriously because ~oh yeah, Murderbot lost 20% of its body mass. It'll grow back. Who gives a shit?~

And literally in less than 8 hours, it will regrow all of that shit, and we don't even get the details of what exactly its injuries look like to let us see how serious this is supposed to be.

Even though we're literally getting told it's so little of a deal that it it can just be magically fixed within 8 hours. Just go to sleep overnight and all of the magical injuries will — all of the injuries will be

completely and utterly magically healed like they never happened.

And then Martha Wells wants to complain that people don't take this story seriously when she — every single choice —

I'm a writer. You may not be a writer, but I'm a fucking writer. Every single choice Martha Wells made in the writing of this story is designed to make it funny and light-hearted. I could give this book to my mom and she could read it. That's saying something. I know she's not even going to watch these videos cuz the first 20 minutes would make her fall asleep.

Uh,

> “it'll grow back,” I said. I know to an actual human I probably looked like I was dying. my injuries were the equivalent of a human losing a limb or two plus most of their blood volume.

And it's like we're getting just told this shit, there's no description anywhere before this to tell us that that's how injured it is.

And then we're not even allowed to take this description here seriously at all. It's just the basic violation of the concept of show don't tell, and that is exactly why it's impossible to actually take anything in this story seriously, and it's why it's lighthearted and light reading and why so many people uh say, "Oh yeah, it's such a fun series. I just turn my brain off. I don't think about it at all." And then, "uh maybe it's a bad sign that I forget every single thing that happens when I'm not actively reading that. But I'm fine with that."

That's a literal review I've read.

Yeah, it's literally designed not to be taken seriously. But then Martha Wells wants to have it both ways where she will get up on a fucking literal stage and, and tell you the audience person who's read this book before coming here, I hope maybe not, um that you're willfully ignorant if you took this book in the way that

she fucking wrote it, which is a light-hearted comedy about cute robot and slave owners that we're not supposed to admit are slave owners, cuz we're just supposed to see them as cute little cinnamon rolls.

That's the book she wrote.

But then she wants to get up on a stage and claim that *you* are willfully ignorant and an idiot for not taking this seriously, even though she literally made it impossible for you to take it seriously.

Anyways,

> “I know but still.” She eyed me for a long moment. So long I tapped the security feed for the mess where the non-wounded members of the group were sitting around the table talking. They were discussing the possibility of more underground fauna and wishing they had intoxicants. That seemed pretty normal. She continued, "You are very good with — “

Oh, yeah. Uh, you will love the Imperial Radch series. You'll see every single thing. That's one of the things. We just went past it. You'll see.

> She continued, "You are very good with Doctor Volescu. I don't think the others realized...They were very impressed.
> “It's part of the emergency med instru — .

It's weird there that med is not capitalized. It should be. That's weird. That's on page “21”. What's 21 - 9? I'm not doing math.

Yeah, the word med there should be capitalized because med is always referring to MedSystem.

Yeah, we're on page 12, which they're claiming is page 21.

Uh,

> “It's part of the emergency med instructions, calming victims.” I tugged the blanket tighter.

Also, again, I do have to point out now before we get into the very hilarious part, uh, Martha Wells is really fucking bad at dialogue. So, if you just look at the dialogue, the conversations really don't fucking make sense, because all of the characters just act like they're mind readers. It, it gets really bad later. I'll, I'll tell you when we get there. You'll, you'll notice it and then I'll tell you.

> “It's part of the emergency med instructions, calming victims.” I tugged the blanket tighter so she didn't see anything awful. I could feel something lower down leaking.

And it's like, okay, that's another contradiction. I got to put that in my little notepad on here.

Murderbot just says that something is leaking, but we were explicitly told that it doesn't leak blood because it's wound — Its, its, its veins and arteries both seal automatically.

But now we're getting told that something is leaking.

And this is supposed to be and — and this is meant to be funny. This isn't “I can feel I'm literally bleeding to fucking death and dying”.

No, it's supposed to be funny. It's hahaha, isn't that awkward? Uh “I could feel something lowered down leaking” because Murderbot is — It's supposed to be funny how Murderbot is just magically bleeding even though we were literally told just a few maybe like two pages ago that it's literally impossible for it to bleed.

Again, it's just bad writing.

Like, if you're not a writer, you're probably thinking, "Well, that's that's just a nitpick. Actual fucking writer here. I write." This isn't the kind of nitpick you leave in your story. If you actually give any shits at all about basic quality, you don't leave in basic contradictions like that. That's just genuinely bad fucking writing.

Uh,

> yes, but the MedSystem was prioritizing Bharadwaj and didn't check —

Also, I got to interrupt this shitty dialogue because why the fuck — you know, if somebody is severely injured and you're concerned about their safety, maybe don't go talking their fucking ear off while they're trying to heal in the hospital bed?

I got to say, that's just really fucking weird. Like we're not supposed to see anything weird with what Mensahh is doing right now, but it's like it's in the hospital bed that will heal it. Why are you fucking interrupting that?

Like they all know what it's cubicle does. It's the repair cubicle. It's going to heal it. Why are you here talking all this shit at it when it's like you're — It's just weird.

Also, it — Yeah, it's just weird. None of this behavior, like retroactively, from what we'd know of the characters from later books, none of this behavior makes sense.

They wouldn't just send Doctor Mensahh, they would all be waiting outside the fucking room or they would at least be talking about her going to visit Murderbot.

None of this makes sense for the characters. It's just bad writing.

And yes, it is bad writing because if you're going to write a series, you don't *have* to plan ahead. You probably fucking should, but you don't *have* to. But at the very least, once you've read written book one, you're starting on book two, you have to reread book one before writing that, and multiple times you keep going back and forth to make sure what happens in book two doesn't contradict what happened in book one.

So based on everything in all the rest of the books in this series where we get to know these characters, Doctor Mensahh, Rathi, Gurathin, etc., none of what they're doing in here makes sense, and it's not in a ~they've changed and grown as people and gotten character development~ They don't have character

development. They are fucking flatter than this fucking cardboard cuz this cardboard is like —

Is it thicker than this book? It's — this cardboard is only slightly less thick than this book.

These characters are flatter than this cardboard. They don't get character development.

Uh, where was I?

Oh, yeah. This this long chunk of dialogue. It's not long by itself inherently, but like it's a long chunk of dialogue when somebody's lying in a hospital bed trying to fucking heal.

> Yes, but the

the uh, Mrderbot said,

> it's part of the emergency med instructions, calming victims.
> Yes, but the MedSystem was prioritizing Barwage and didn't check Velescu's vital signs.

> It didn't take into account the shock of the event and it expected him to be able to leave the scene on its — on his own.

And it's like she's arguing with Murderbot right now when Murderbot has lost 20% of his body mass. It's like this is just a very... bizarre thing to do, when we're supposed to think these people are good people.

And it's like, why are you bothering the person who's literally in a fucking hospital bed trying to get healed?

And it — it's never gets brought up as this what she's doing. But it's just very strange. Like I didn't even notice this the first few times reading this, but this is a very — it's bizarre. It's bizarre.

Like the one thing you always get told to people about people in hospitals and shit is don't make that don't keep fucking talking their ear off when they're trying to heal. Don't keep making them just let them go to fucking sleep and shit. Stuff like that.

> On the feed, it was clear that the others had reviewed field camera video. Field camera video. They were saying things like

Oh, this is the lie. This Martha Wells is so bad at writing. She's so bad at writing. This is so bad. Oh my god. Because now retroactively and it goes the same for ART, asshole research transport / Perihelion. It it's — she did this in the books of the Raksura too. She's so bad at writing.

This next paragraph is so bad retroactively once you've read the rest of the series because —

— Should I, should I explain to them why this is going to be bad or should I read it and then explain?

(from offcamera) Read it and then explain.

All right. Cardboard says gonna read it and then explain.

So, okay. Here's this next paragraph.

> On the feed, it was clear that the others had reviewed field camera video

that could be shortened. Uh,

> they were saying things like, "I didn't even know it had a face."

I have to close my eyes. Just that's that's that's just the first sentence in this little very big chunk of paragraph. That's so — it's like evil. Evil's the word for it when you read the rest of the books in this series and take things in the most — the only logical way forward in universe, these people are evil.

> On the feed, it was clear that the others had reviewed field camera video. They were saying things like, “I didn't even know it had a face.” I'd been in armor since we arrived, and I hadn't unsealed the helmet when I was put when I was around them. There was no specific reason. The only part of me they would have seen was my head and its standard generic human. But they didn't want to talk to me and I definitely didn't

> want to talk to them. On duty would distract me and off duty… I didn't want to talk to them. Mensahh had seen me when she signed the rental contract, but she had barely looked at me and I had barely looked at her because again, murderbot plus actual human equals awkwardness. Keeping the armor on all the time cuts down on unnecessary interaction.

All right. Well, apparently not all of that paragraph is the evil part. I mean, that's also just more slavery, apologism, and dehumanization in there, but the thing we're focusing on here is

> they were saying things like, "I didn't even know it had a face."

This is the slavery apologism. And out of universe, this is the slavery apologism.

This is us pretending. Martha Wells telling us, "Oh, um, don't be mad at them for renting out a slave. Don't be mad at them for being slave owners. They

just didn't know um the slave they were renting out was a person. (sighs)

And if you've read the rest of this series already, or at least even partway through it, you know these motherfuckers are lying through their godamn teeth. And more than lying through their godamn teeth, they are staging this in the hopes that Murderbot will notice them saying these things, so that it thinks that they genuinely had no idea it was a person, because

> they were saying things like, "I didn't even know it had a face."

A thing that is objectively untrue. We know these characters.

I am just speechless.

This is what happens when you are A) racist, B) a shit writer, C) racist, D) a shit writer. It's so many layers. So many layers. So many [__] layers. I —

> They were saying things like, "I didn't even know it had a face."

Because the only shit explanation for them saying this shit is that like they have to be staging this conversation legitimately in the hopes that Murderbot will notice so that it won't be mad at them.

Because they know they know that it's a fucking person. They've known the entire time that it's a person. We know from everything else revealed in the rest of the series that they know that robots are people.

They know that you're supposed to treat robots like people.

They knew Murderbot this whole goddamn fucking time was a real fucking living breathing person, and yet they've been on this planet survey planet for probably a month just treating Murderbot like a a fucking mindless object.

Literally not acknowledging it as a person, treating it like the fucking slave it is, because they're slave owners.

And now only as soon as it saves their lives by risking its fucking life by proving it's One of The Good Ones do they suddenly go, ‘maybe we should treat it like a person. Huh?’

But — and they lie because Martha Wells has to try and make us like these slave owners and has to tell us — has to try and convince us that um, we shouldn't be angry at them in any way.

Um because it's not their fault. They just didn't — How were they supposed to know that robots are people and that slavery is bad? You got to forgive these poor little innocent slave slave owners!

It's like, 1) not how that works, 2) Especially not how that works when the entire rest of the series exists to show us these characters knew exactly what they were doing in this book because that is how

chronology works. That's how logic works. That's how the timeline of events works.

In universe. These people know exactly what they're doing. They knew Murderbot was a person this whole time.

They are now lying to Murderbot specifically so that it won't be angry at them for enslaving it. so that they can pretend they just had no fucking clue that slavery was wrong.

Even though every single other book in the rest of the series reveals that this is a flatout fucking lie. This is Martha Wells, meta-verse, this is Martha Wells lying to us. This is her getting us to forgive these characters for renting out a slave because they just didn't know it was wrong. They, they had no idea that “robots” were people even though Murderbot is literally not a robot. It's a cyborg. Martha Wells has fucking admitted this.

She's just writing these books to make that as unclear as possible because she knows that if she tells

everybody they're cyborgs that everybody would be rightfully fucking up in arms about the racist ableist dehumanization in-universe that she is literally asking us to agree with.

She's literally asking us to agree with her, and more importantly with the in-universe slave owners that Murderbot and every single other enslaved cyborg, that they're not human because they were mutilated at birth to get their fucking arms chopped off to put the stupid energy guns in their arms and had their genitals removed, presumably because everything below the waist was chopped off and they were given fucking robot legs and shit.

(from offscreen) Digestive tracts cuz they can't eat.

Yeah, they have no digestive tracks. These are cyborgs. Martha Wells admitted they were all they're all fucking cyborgs. But she doesn't want to use that word because people have “preconceived ideas” about how cyborgs — how cyborgs work in science fiction.

And how cyborgs work in science fiction is cyborgs fighting for equal rights and for their humanity to be acknowledged because they are dehumanized because they are metaphors for so many oppressed people. Usually disabled people. In this case, not only disabled people, but Black people in fucking particular because you've made them chattel slaves. They are fucking property. You can't do this shit!

And now in universe, literally the only fucking explanation for the PreservationAux team's behavior in this book once you've read the rest of the books is, "Oh, they are literal fucking monsters even more than they already were for renting out a slave. They are fucking monsters who are now lying to that fucking slave's face to manipulate it so that it thinks that they just had no idea what they were doing. All and all the while we know now they know exactly what they're doing.”

They are lying fucking bastards who rent rented out a fucking slave, and if as if that weren't bad enough, decided to add insult to injury by then literally fucking lying to that slave's face to fucking guilt trip it

into not being angry with them for enslaving it, by pretending that they just had no fucking clue it was a person.

(Sarcasm) “You can't be — Please don't be mad at us. We didn't even know you had a face!!!!” (End sarcasm)

As though anybody who's read the rest of the series, you know exactly what I'm fucking talking about. And if you haven't, if you're only experiencing this through me, you'll find out when we get there.

Anyways, that's enough video for today. My throat hurts from talking too much.

Bye-bye.